

LINCOLN LINES

The cawing crows flying over the corn fields and holding pow-wows on some cottonwood tree, the chirping crickets piping from the tall grass in the orchard, the crumpled mornings with heavy dew, moulting chickens going about in their B. V. D.'s, announce to the world that fall is here again and we need not the yawning coal bin, the ever-present flat pocket book or numerous other things to tell us the golden harvest time has come.

Everybody from young to old are this week pulling prunes and peaches for all there is in it, and from the way truck load after truck load of fruit passes, intermingled with a large hay-rack stacked high, it would lead one to believe that they are moving all the fruit in creation with only a small portion passed by already. As we said, everyone is busy as bees harvesting, therefore the only news most we have is the steady plunk, plunk of prunes hitting the bottom of an empty bucket. Emery Rynearson is hauling peaches for Will Tucker this week. Oscar Ivis is also in the ring with his team and wagon. Ray Modia has the old Buick truck hooked along the highways with massive stacks of crates and baskets, others are rolling the fruit past in a whirlwind of harvest; Art Wright is making the old Ford percolate pretty regular with the heavy loads that on.

Miss Mildred Mills stepped into the harness of educating the youngsters of Lincoln community bright and early Tuesday morning. Miss Mills drives

a chummy little coupe every day. Let us say the modern school marm has it all over the oldtimers for speed now-a-days. Joe Wayne Dodd is back from visiting his aunt at Nampa and is assuming the responsibilities of Janitor again this year.

Mrs. C. Shaw arrived Monday from McCall with her empty fruit jars to fill with some of Emmett's fine fruits. She accompanied her son-in-law, Ed Nelson of Deer Flat and his partner Will Bates of the same place. She states they have been having some damp weather above. Their cauliflower crop has been fine this year.

Karl Coonrod, Miss Gladys Gray, Miss Russel and Mr. Hankins were out to visit at Karl's old home last Sunday. They took several pictures with their "Kamery."

Fred West has his third cutting of hay in the making, looks like rain every time the old boy starts in to put up hay. L. L. Alsager is strong enough to assist with Frank Hall's help.

The politicians are running all around out our way kissing all the babies and women, handing out bum "seegers" and handshakes, so we guess something is going to happen this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Rynearson spent a very pleasant evening with the correspondent and folks Sunday. Nothing like renewing old acquaintances.

HAW CREEK

Mrs. E. Tennyson and children spent the week-end with relatives in Caldwell.

The L. A. White family were entertained at dinner Sunday at the Ira White home.

Edmund Kroush returned last week from Twin Falls, where he visited his sister and family.

Robert Gordon and family visited Sunday evening at Gaylord Freeman's. Mrs. Ed Francis of Emmett called on Mrs. Matt Bilbrey Saturday.

Ira White and family were Emmett visitors Monday evening.

Ruby Francis called on friends on Haw Creek Monday afternoon.

Miss Nina Porter left Friday for Council.

Mrs. W. H. Yergenson and children left Friday for their home in California.

Mrs. E. Yergenson and son Parley were Emmett visitors Friday from Sweet.

OLA

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ballantyne and two children motored to Emmett Monday.

R. J. Newell has disposed of his interests at Timber Flat and moved his family to Boise. We regret very much of losing such good neighbors.

Miss Lucretia Morrow and Dora Vaughan returned to Boise to resume their high school studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Rhodes went to Emmett to work in the fruit season.

Andy Little of Emmett purchased the hay on the Ballantyne ranch, where he will feed horses this winter.

Can Send Checks by Wireless.

Through the invention of a Frenchman named Bell it is now possible to transmit documents or checks by wireless. In future, not only will there be no impossibility in regard to the transmission of legal documents, autographs and manuscripts, but the very authenticity of messages will acquire fresh guarantees by their autographed transmission.

Snake-Eaters Avoid Venom.

Animals which eat snakes—the hedge hog, fox, eagles, etc.—never eat the head of a poisonous snake, according to J. Beyer, whose German articles on venomous snakes is translated in the Scientific American.

The "Mentality Tests" Land Dad in "Moron" Class

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A 9-year-old boy was once asked the question: "What is a moron?"

"My papa is one," was his reply, and inasmuch as the boy's father was a business man of some standing in the community there was a certain amount of running about and shifting of standards before calm could be restored.

The father had been unable to answer certain test questions picked in a casual way and labeled a test for "A Boy of Ten." His son had picked up the questions in that gloom which follows an unsatisfactory dinner and glibly recited the answers which his father was unable to bring to his mind.

Nothing had been said at home about father being a moron. That subject had been avoided by mother and Aunt Susie who was a dinner guest. But the matter had stuck in the boy's mind.

Here were printed questions which his father could not answer and he could answer himself. The questions were marked "for a boy of 10." He was only 9. His father was older than that how old he did not know, very old, possible 90-certainly older than 9.

Then when the boy learned through the lecture of some visiting pundit that a "moron" is an adult with the brain of a child of 10, what could be more natural than labeling as a "moron" the father who was working to educate him and clothe and feed him, the man who had carried him in his arms through many a sleepless night. The man who had taught him his A B C's—almost an imbecile, according to snap psychology.

The head waiter at the Grand-Cofax says that all men born since 1895 are "morons" but that is a more or less selfish point of view. The public is more concerned with men who were born before that time.

Let us see what a "boy of ten" in these days does know. In the first place he can tell the "greatest common integer," or "greatest common denominator," greatest common divisor," "grand chief of irregular fractions," commander of the rear guard of the cube root of three," and so on.

He can tell who has the best batting average in all leagues, what Jack Dempsey weighed at Boyle's Acres, who killed Cock Robin and Stanley Ketchell, how many buffalo skins Buffalo Bill had on his overcoat, the date of the armistice and the age of the kaiser.

On the other hand his father drifts along with a little bit of knowledge which allows him to know a few drab facts, such as the rent of the apartment and when due, the name of his life insurance company and the premiums appertaining thereon, the bank balance and appurtenances concerning putting in and taking out; the price of clothing, both for children and for grownups—mostly for children—and the price of tombstones, mostly for grownups.

Father says the test is unfair, but is willing, as always, to give the boy the best of it. Father says "that if he had a chance to 'brush up' he could make a fair showing, but they have changed a lot of rules since he was a boy. He still thinks he could divide three by nine, but he could not do it on a blackboard with a lot of youngsters giggling behind him.

Father could probably remember the date of the wedding of Edward 111 and Mrs. Whoosis if the children would let him alone for a few minutes. But the chances are that he has the date confused with that of Benjamin Franklin's wedding day.

The chances are that father cannot bound Delaware. He may not even know in what state the Delaware River rises.

Any ten year old child is supposed to know these facts, and if father does not he is officially, formally, automatically declared to be a "moron."

This idea of gauging an adult's mental age by comparing him with his children is undoubtedly a very good one. It must be because so many courts have taken it up. But it strikes some of the "morons" as peculiar that they do not raise the standard a little bit higher.

For instance, instead of comparing the intellect of 6-foot men to that of the child of 10, why don't they compare a 40-year-old 250-pound self-made but ignorant multimillionaire to a 22-year-old graduate of West Point or Harvard?

Very few of the men who have made names for themselves in the world can shine as elder brothers when it comes to helping out the "boy of ten" with his home work, and for that he has been condemned. Why not give him a chance on some problem in engineering or philosophy?

Methods of teaching in the public schools have changed a great deal

"since father was a boy." They have changed the paper hanger who used to calculate the amount of covering necessary for a room 9x13, with eight windows 2x6, with southern exposure and a chimney in the roof.

English grammar as taught in the schools today is not the same as it was in father's time. Father never knew, for instance, that "listen" was a conjunction. Father was always of the opinion that "the" "a" and "an" were articles, but it seems that they are not any more, they are adjectives.

Therefore it is not surprising that so many adults are declared to be "morons"—men with the mentality of a child of 10. The miracle is that they grade so high.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; Its loveliness increases, it will never Pass into nothingness, but still will keep A bower quiet for us to sleep. Full of sweet dreams and quiet breathing; Thus on each morrow we are wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth. —Keats.

CAKES WITH AND WITHOUT ICING.

Cakes in many families are not considered, unless covered with some sort of frosting, and other families prefer their cakes with none. So that all may be satisfied and still serve an attractive looking cake, the following suggestions may be helpful:

A simple spice cake with or without a few raisins will be very tasty when covered with a generous coating of butter while it is still hot from the oven. Sprinkle generously with powdered sugar mixed with a teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Patty cakes and cookies look better and taste better if they are sprinkled with a bit of granulated sugar just before going into the oven. To make the patty cakes more elegant place two strips of candied orange peel across the top, before sprinkling the sugar.

A loaf cake may be sprinkled with granulated sugar mixed with cinnamon just before putting into the oven.

A little frill of coconut put round gem cakes, sprinkling with sugar, makes an attractive ragged appearance when baked.

Chopped nuts sprinkled over the top of cakes before baking adds greatly to their appearance.

Crumb cake is a cake covered just before going into the oven with a well-blended mixture of creamed butter, flour and sugar.

Creamy Frosting.—Boil together one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of water until thick and honey-like, then take out three tablespoonfuls, adding to a beaten egg white and return the rest of the sugar to boil to a long hair when a fork is dipped into the sirup. Continue beating until the sirup is ready, then add to the white of the egg. Beat until stiff, then spread as usual. The frosting will be beautifully shiny on the top and creamy underneath, if made according to directions.

Nellie Maxwell

Cornish Tin Miners.

The men who work in the Cornish tin mines are a class by themselves, and all their differences are adjusted by the stannary courts, as they are called from the Latin word stannum. These curious courts have existed in their present form since the middle of the Thirteenth century, and, in a simpler form, much earlier; and the miners claim to be free from all other jurisdiction, "except in matters affecting the land, life or limb."

Recognition of Goethe.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Goethe, whose star had already risen, was at once generally recognized. His "Gotz von Berlichingen" and his "Werther" had been enthusiastically received, but no more so than works of commonplace bunglers, and Goethe was assigned a very small niche in the temple of literature.—Heine.

Fish Swim Upside Down.

The human has it on the vast majority of fishes. In that he can swim on his back. There is, however, just one member of the finny tribe that does it quite often. This is an inhabitant of tropical waters, known as the globe fish. The skin on the underside of this fish is loose and can be filled with air at will. When the fish blows itself out in this manner, it naturally turns on its back and goes on its way in that position.

Reincarnated Immortals.

Headline—"Dante Lectures at Amherst." And as a bookstore window card announces, "Dickens Works here today for \$3."—Boston Transcript.

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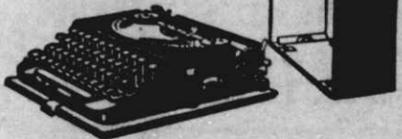
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